

The Octopus
Marooned

"A trust is its weakest point," said Jeff Peters.

"That," said I, "sounds like one of those unimpeachable remarks such as: 'Why is a policeman?'"

"It is not," said Jeff. "There are no relations between a trust and a policeman. My remark was an epigram—a kind of mulet'en in parvo. What it means is that a trust is like an egg, and it is not like an egg. If you want to break an egg you have to do it from the outside. The only way to break up a trust is from the inside. Keep sitting on it until it hatches. Look at the brood of young colleges and libraries that's chirping and peeping all over the country. Yes, sir, every trust bears in its own bosom the seeds of its destruction like a rooster that crows near a Georgia colored Methodist camp meeting, or a Republican announcing himself a candidate for governor of Texas."

I asked Jeff, jeeringly, if he had ever, during his checkered career, conducted an enterprise of the class to which the word "trust" had been applied. Some-what to my surprise he acknowledged the corner.

"Once," said he. "And the state seal of New Jersey never bit into a charter

THE
GENTLE
GRAFTERBY O. HENRY.
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that opened up a solid and safer piece of legitimate octopusing. We had everything in our favor—wind, water, police, nerve, and a clean monopoly of an article indispensable to the public. There wasn't a trust buster on the globe that could have found a weak spot in our scheme. It made Rockefeller's little kerosene speculation look like a bucketshop. But we lost out."

"Some unforeseen opposition came up, I suppose," I said.

"No, sir, it was just as I said. We were self-argued. It was a case of auto-suppression. There was a rift within the loof, as Albert Tennyson says.

"You remember I told you that me and Andy Tucker was partners for some years. That man was the most talented conceiver of stratagems I ever saw. Whenever he saw a dollar in another man's hands he took it as a personal grudge, if he couldn't take it any other way. Andy was educated, too, besides having a lot of useful information. He had acquired a big amount of experience out of books, and could talk for hours on any subject connected with ideas and discourse. He had been in every line of graft from lecturing on Palestine with a lot of magic lantern pictures of the annual Custom-made

Clothing's association convention at Atlantic City to flooding Connecticut with bogus wood alcohol distilled from nutmegs.

"One spring me and Andy had been over in Mexico on a flying trip during which a Philadelphia capitalist had paid us \$2,500 for a half interest in a silver mine in Chihuahua. Oh, yes, the mine was all right. The other half interest must have been worth two or three hundred thousand. I often wondered who owned that mine.

"In coming back to the United States me and Andy stubbed our toes against a little town in Texas on the bank of the Rio Grande. The name of it was Bird City, but it wasn't. The town had about 2,000 inhabitants, mostly men. I figured out that their principal means of existence was in living close to tall chaparral. Some of 'em were stockmen and some gamblers and some horse peddlers, and plenty were in the smuggling line. Me and Andy put up a hotel that was built like something between a roof garden and a sectional bookcase. It began to rain the day we got there. As the weather is, Juniper Aquarius was sure turning on the water-plugs on Mount Amphibious.

"Now, there were three saloons in Bird City, though neither Andy nor me drank. But we could see the townspeople making a triangular procession from one to another all day and half the night. Everybody seemed to know what to do with as much money as they had.

"The third day of the rain it slackened up awhile in the afternoon, so me and Andy walked out to the edge of town to view the mudscape. Bird City was built between the Rio Grande and a deep, wide arroyo that used to be the old bed of the river. The bank between the stream and its old bed was cracking and giving way, when we saw it, on account of the high water caused by the rain. Andy looked at it a long time. That man's intellects was never idle. And then he unfolds to me a instantaneous idea that has occurred to him. Right there we organized a trust; and we walked back into town and put it on the market.

"First we went to the main saloon in Bird City, called the Blue Snake. And bought it. It cost us \$1,200. And then we dropped in, casual, at Mexican Joe's place, referred to the rain, and bought him out for \$50. The other one came easy at \$400.

"The next morning Bird City woke up and found itself on an island. The river had busted through its old channel, and the town was surrounded by roaring torrents. The rain was still raining, and there was heavy clouds in the northwest that presaged about six more mean annual rainfalls during the next two weeks. But the worst was yet to come.

"Bird City hopped out of its nest, waggled its pin feathers and strolled over for its nativ'nal foot. Lo! Mexican Joe's place closed, and likewise the other little 'dobe life-saving station. So, naturally, the body politic emits thirsty ejaculations of surprise and ports helium for the Blue Snake. And Andy does it find there?

"Behind one end of the bar sits Jefferson Peters, octopus, with a sixshooter on each side of him, ready to make change or corpses as the case may be. There are three bartenders; and on the wall is a ten-foot sign reading: 'All Drinks One Dollar.' Andy sits on the safe in his neat blue suit and gold-banded cigar, on the lookout for emergencies. The town marshal is there with two deputies to keep order, having been promised free drinks by the trust.

"Well, sir, it took Bird City just ten minutes to realize that it was in a cage. We expected trouble; but there wasn't any. The citizens saw that we had 'em. The nearest railroad was thirty miles away; and it would be two weeks at least before the river would be fordable. So they began to cuss, amiably, and throw down dollars on the bar till it sounded like a selection on the xylophone.



"And he leads 'em down the main street of Bird City."

"There was about 1,500 grown-up adults in Bird City that had arrived at years of indiscretion; and the majority of 'em required from three to twenty drinks a day to make life endurable. The Blue Snake was the only place where they could get 'em till the flood subsided. It was beautiful and simple, as all truly great swindles are.

"About 10 o'clock the silver dollars dropping on the bar slowed down to playing two-steps and marches instead of jigs. But I looked out the windows and saw a hundred or two of our customers standing in line at the Bird City Savings & Loan company, and I knew they were borrowing more money to be sucked in by the clammy tendrils of the octopus.

"At the fashionable hour of noon everybody went home to dinner. We told the bartenders to take advantage of the lull and do the same. Then me and Andy counted the receipts. We had taken in \$1,300. We calculated that if Bird City would remain an island for two weeks the trust would be able to endow the Chicago university with a new dormitory of padded cells for the faculty, and present every worthy poor man in Texas with an improved farm, provided he furnished the site for it.

"Andy was especial inroaded by self-esteem at our success, the rudiments of the scheme having originated in his own surmises and premonitions. He got off the safe and lit the biggest cigar in the house.

"Jeff, says he, 'I don't suppose that anywhere in the world you could find three conmorants with brighter ideas about down-treading the proletariat than the firm of Peters, Satan & Tucker, incorporated. We have sure-handedly consumed a giant blow in the unbrellaed region. No?'

"Well, says I, 'it does look as if we would have to take up gastritis and gold or be measured for kilts in spite of ourselves. This little turn in bug juice is verily, all to the Skibo. And I can stand it,' says I. 'I'd rather batten than bant any day.'

"Andy pours himself out four fingers of our best rye and does with it as was so intended. It was the first drink I had ever known him to take.

"By way of a libation,' says he, 'to the Gods.'

"Then after thus doing unbrag to the heathen diabetes he drinks another to our success. And then he be-

gins to toast the trade, beginning with Baines and the Northern Pacific and on down the line to the little ones like the school book combine and the oleomargarine outrages and the Lehigh Valley and Great Scott Coal Federation.

"It's all right, Andy," says I, "to drink the health of our brother monopolists, but don't overdo the vase-sail. You know our most eminent and loathed multi-corruptionist lives on weak tea and dog biscuits.

"Andy went in the back room awhile and came out dressed in his best clothes. There was a kind of murderous and soulful loog of gentle riotousness in his eye that I didn't like. I watched him to see what turn the whiskey was going to take in him. There are two times when you never can tell what is going to happen. One is when a man takes his first drink; and the other is when a woman takes her last.

"In less than an hour Andy's skate had turned to an ice yacht. He was outwardly decent and managed to preserve his aquarium, but inside he was in a state of full of unexpectedness.

"Jeff, says he, 'do you know that I'm a crater—a living crater?'

"That's a self-evident hypothesis," says I. "But you're not Irish. Why don't you say 'creature,' according to the rules of syntax of America?'

"I'm the crater of a volcano," says he. "I'm all aflame and crammed inside with an assortment of words and phrases that have got to have an ex-pression. I can feel millions of synonyms and parts of speech rising in me, says he, and I've got to make a speech of some sort. Drink," says Andy, 'always drives me to oratory.'

"It could do no worse," says I.

"From my earliest recollections," says he, 'alcohol seemed to stimulate my sense of recitation and rhetoric. Why, in Bryan's second campaign, says Andy, 'they used to give me three gin rickeys and I'd speak two hours longer than Billy himself could on the silver question. Finally they persuaded me to take the gold cure.'

"If you've got to get rid of your excess verbiage," says I, 'why not go out on the river bank and speak a piece? It seems to me there was an old spellbinder named Cantharides that used to go and disincorporate himself in his windy numbers along the seashore.'

"No," says Andy, 'I must have an audience. I feel like if I once turned loose people would begin to call Senator Beveridge the Grand Young Sphinx of the Wabash. I've got to get an audience together, Jeff, and get this oral distention assuaged or it may turn in on me and I'd go about feeling like a deekle-edge edition de luxe of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.'

"On what special subject of theories and topics does your desire for vocality seem to be connected with? I ask.

"I ain't particular," says Andy. "I am equally good and varicose on all subjects. I can take up the matter of Russian immigration, or the poetry of John W. Keats, or the tariff, or Kabbale literature, or drainage, and make my audience weep, cry, sob and shed tears by turns."

"Well, Andy," says I, 'if you are bound to get rid of this accumulation of vernacular suppose you go out in town and work it off on some indigent citizen. Me and the boys will take care of the business. Everybody will be thorough dinner pretty soon, and salt pork and beans makes a man pretty thirsty. We ought to take in \$1,500 more by midnight.'

"So Andy goes out of the Blue Snake, and I see him stooping men on the street and talking to 'em. By and by he has half a dozen in a bunch listening to him; and pretty soon I see him waving his arms and elocuting at a good-sized crowd on a corner. When he walks away they spring out after him, talking all the time; and he leads 'em down the main street of Bird City with more men joining the procession as they go. It reminded me of the old legendman that I'd read in books about the Pied Piper of Heideck charming the children away from the town.

"One o'clock came; and then 2; and 3 got under the wire for place; and a Bird citizen came in for a drink. The streets were deserted except for some ducks and ladies going to the stores. There was only a light drizzle falling then.

"Jonesome man came along and stopped in front of the Blue Snake to scrape the mud off his boots.

"Pardner," says I, 'what has happened? This morning there was hotheads afoot; and now it seems more like one of them ruined cities of Tyre

and Siphon where the lone lizard crawls on the walls of the main port-culls."

"The whole town," says the mummy man, 'is up in Sperry's wool warehouse listening to your side-kicker make a speech. He is some grave on delivering himself of audile sounds relating matters and conclusions,' says the man.

"Well, I hope he'll adjourn, sine qua non, pretty soon," says I, 'for trade languishes.'

"Not a customer did we have that afternoon at 6 o'clock two Mexicans brought Andy to the saloon lying across the back of a burro. We put him to bed while he still muttered and gesticulated with his hands and feet.

"Then I looked up the cash and went out to see what had happened. I met a man who told me all about it. Andy had made the finest two-hour speech that had ever been heard in Texas, he said, or anywhere else in the world.

"What was it about?" I asked.

"Temperance," says he. "And when he got through, every man in Bird City signed the pledge for a year."

CARROTTS' HOMEMADE AUTO.

(Grafton, N. D., Record.)

It took Polson Carrotts and the hired man ten days to build an automobile, and they viewed it with considerable satisfaction as it stood in the granary ready for business. It was a wonderful arrangement. The wheels had formerly served under a threshing machine and were iron throughout; no rubber tires to run on a spike and wither like a pumpkin vine operated on by a hoe. The box was originally intended to carry 100 bushels of wheat to the nearest elevator. It had been padded and worked over until it resembled a hollow mockery, the tailboard sticking out behind like a signboard for a country postoffice. Its motive power was a gasoline engine which had been grinding feed for eleven years near the ferry. The steady grind wore on the engine and when it was active it pounded like a man shoeing a horse. The engine was located in the rear, where the hired man had desk room, his duty being to watch it and stop it and start it if he could. If he couldn't there was a single stall on the side provided for a thin horse, which could be hitched on in case of necessity. To stand up in front and steer and ring a bell, and holler if that wouldn't do. They started out on the first day of May and killed a pig and broke the pump off close to the ground before they had gone forty rods. The hired man got excited and began hollering at the horse, which was busy eating hay and hadn't moved an inch. Polson rang the bell for the hen house to get out of the way, but it did not move, and the new automobile went through it like a knife through cheese. An industrious hen which had intended to lay an egg flew into Polson's face and scratched his honest brow. Then the moving mill of science passed out on to the highway and dashed down the road, where it ran into a yoke of oxen hauling a load of hay toward town. Here it stopped, but not until the driving chain broke and one end landed on the horse, which kicked the hired man through the hind end, landing him in a May day mud puddle. The man driving the oxen demanded an explanation, which was given in Polson's most inoffensive manner. The horse was then hitched on in front and the hired man's shoulder behind and the aggregation started wearily for home, and the road work resumed.

AN ILLUSION SOMEWHERE.

(Chicago Evening Post.)

"The ideal," we say to our heavy-set friend, "The ideal. Why, you weigh fully 200 pounds, yet you fold your hands with calm philosophy and tell us it is merely a mental state, that you are as slender as a lily. In other words, you imagine you are thin. Boast!"

"Ah, poor misguided one," he breathes placidly. "Aha! you are laboring under the delusion that you see the flesh, which once was my mental error. You should take a mental vibration before each meal and on going to bed."

Dumbly wondering whether or not the truthness of an impression is to be verified by the actuality of a conclusion, we regard him with the dubious gaze of one whose subliminal mental processes have begun to sizzle.

Mr. Dooley on the Decay of Baseball

By F. P. Dunne

"I want to see a baseball game yesterday," said Mr. Hennessy. "Have you seen wan lately?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "but I read about him. An' they're good readin'. Next to th' chess games they're about th' best readin' I find in th' papers fr th' brain. They take thought an' a knowledge iv th' wurld, but wanst ye apply ye're mind to thin ye don't have to go to th' game to injoy it. You, Hinnessy, pay a lot iv good money an' spend a whole afternoon in th' snow iv a bitter Summer's day, while I stay at home here drinkin' hot things, smokin' a good seegar an' seein' th' sport as plainly before me eyes as if I owned th' ball club an' cud set on th' players' bench. Here it is: 'Th' hostelry display delivered th' entire fruit stand, includin' a cornucopy iv checkerberries, an' th' gasoline torch to th' alleged Desperadoes yesterday afternoon before twenty thousand feather heads who wept, groaned, moaned, an' sighed until th' whole faculty iv medicine had been in th' audience they wud've fainted fr'm exhaustion puttin' shirait jackets on th' paretics. Th' cillybrated starboard whip iv Juggs Dohemy, th' salivary glandivory iv th' Thugs was all to'd th' feet, an' th' empire, a certain Mister Flicks, whose eyesight niver will be improved till th' main squeeze iv th' Junta makes him look fr' another job, threatened th' slapstick miracles as though they were Chinese strike breakers in San Francisco."

"This ornymint iv th' joodfalty station lost his on'y previous position because he cudden't make change while actin' as chief clerk iv an 'I am blind' emporium (with music). He sudden't see th' space between New York an' Liverpool. He thinks they're just th' same. If he iver thries to board a street car on th' same judgment that he uses fr decisions at bases he'll get

a dent in his little head that'll enable him to wear his hat upside down without havin' it blow off. But in spite iv tryin' to includin' th' action of th' pols in blockin' plays be three or four hundred iv our assistant third basemen armed with knives, th' gang fr'm th' corner come through on th' rail. Th' game was a horror fr'm th' moment when little old Billy Wappus lashed th' principal headstone with th' cannon cracker till Eggys trotted across Schwartz' shingles with th' ice picks on his feet. In th' first, Corkey binged. McGrassco tottled. Two less thin anything were sung on Bingsat be th' on'y empire iver born in th' mammoth cave iv Kentucky, although th' balls were found in a dhrug store across th' street after th' game. Th' next wan was as moist as th' flure iv th' office iv th' Thranist House after a cattle-man's convention, but it must've looked to th' boys at th' gate as big as a sheep dog come in ut iv a dhrain. He caught it where th' medulla oblongata joins th' collar button, an' it went away to return no more. An' there ye ar-re. A picture in simple language."

"It's a rough game these days," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It is that," said Mr. Dooley. "It has degenerated sadly. I'm in thorough sympathy with th' iditor iv th' North Western Christian Advocate, who wants it suppressed. It ain't th' gintel game it was in my days. In thin far-gone times baseball was th' sport iv gentlemen an' was watched be gintlemen. When our fathers left their clubs an' went down to th' baseball park, an' took off their coats an' collars, they knew they were going to spend an afternoon in th' quiet enjoyment iv a contest iv gintlemenly skill an' good nature. There was no rowdyism in thin days. No, Sir. Th' best people in town went to th' games an' cheered be cryin'. 'Here, here,' excellent, or 'played, indeed,' or some times in mo-

ments iv gr-rat excitement. 'Kill th' speckled-faced, cross-eyed pickpocket, kill him.' Th' pols were not necessary to protect th' empire. In fact, they weren't advisable. In spite iv his unyiform a policeman is but a man after all. No, Sir, th' empire was perfectly safe if he survived th' game an' left th' grounds first. In thin days th' empires were a very superior class iv men. In order to qualify fr th' position they had to go through th' pomplier drill iv climbin' fences under th' instruction iv a competent fireman."

"Th' audience were always fair an' sports-joyin'. They seldom hissed a decision whin wan iv th' home players was caught fifteen feet off a base. But they were stern as well as just, an' they properly riprimanded certain thievins', burglarious, porch-climbin', bribe-takin' ruffians who had, under assumed names, secured th' important position iv empire. Th' front rows iv th' fifty clint seats used to be occupied by clob men who had whiled away th' mornin' hours in th' rollin' mills, an' come over to spend a quiet afternoon in th' sunshine watchin' th' national game. A pretty picture they made in their red flannel undershirts, fannin' themselves with copies iv th' Pois Gazette. They were usually quiet an' thoughtful, but at times wud make laughin' remarks about th' empire's family; but whin a ra-aly unjust decision occurred, or what looked like an unjust decision fr'm where they sat, their proud natures asserted themselves. They did what any other American, whether he wears his undershirt outside or inside, wud do. They hopped over th' railing an' stamped on th' perjured official."

"Thin were th' days whin we had local pride. We loved th' boys that fought so nobly fr their home city, an' we hated th' scoundrels that come fr'm afar to wrest their loris fr'm thin. It was a grand thing to have our home

village rippedrent be th' flower iv its athlete, la-ads that had larned th' game on th' prairies an' vacant lots iv th' west side, an' were prepared to do or die in defense iv th' honor iv Chicago. I always had a special delight, Hinnessy, whin they humiliyated an' degraded th' naughty New York team, which they often did. I'm glad to say, an' are still doin', thank hiven, an' whin th' long season was over, an' th' heart burnings were at an end, whin th' last little boy had gone into th' grounds in th' ninth inning on a ball knocked over th' fence, an' th' last stick iv gum had been chewed, an' th' pennant floated fr'm th' flagstaff in Fitchigan Avnoo, or was carried back in triumph to th' East, th' Chicago team packed its thrunkins an' went home to New York, an' th' New York team come home to Chicago fr the Winter."

"A little later ye'd read in th' papers: 'McGay, th' star twirler iv th' Chicago White Stockings, may not return to th' game. He has been offered th' Tammany nomination in th' Fourth district, where he was born an' brought up. Or, 'Flannery, th' demon batsman iv th' Joynets, has taken th' management iv his brother's caddy in Bloo Island Avnoo fr th' Winter.' I niver knew a ball player that lived within a hundred miles iv th' place where he drew his pay check. Be hiven, twinty years ago I felt th' same hatred fr th' Saint Loocy Browns in th' Summer that I used on th' British Government in Winter. I am not a man iv violent dislikes, but I used to say a short prayer that their thrain might mercifully be permitted to jump into a ditch on their way up on their neefarious mission iv humiliyatin' our gallant team captained by a loyal son iv Chicago fr'm Iowa, with star players fr'm Jersey City an' Yonkers. I didn't want thin, kilt, d'ye mind? I wasn't that bad, before th' game. But I wanted thin shaken up a little so

that the pitcher wud have a pain in his back ivry time he tried to send over an in-shoot. An' while I was feelin' this way about th' foreign scum fr'm Saint Loocy, th' pitcher iv th' Browns owned a shoe store in Madison street, an' cud he seen any Winter's day an wan knee with a bullet-hook in his hand, an' th' father iv th' Captain iv th' Browns was an old frind iv mine an' held a job in th' City Hall."

"It's scandalous th' way th' games ar-re wrote up in th' papers. I agree with me frind iv th' North Western Christian Advocate that thin young fellows that write about baseball ar-re mytlatlin' iv language. In my day 'twas different. Th' iditors wud not disgrace their callin' be speakin' iv a pitcher's arm as his 'port propeller.' They were more dignified, an' always alluded to it as th' south joint. They niver roasted th' empire in th' language now employed. But whin he was radically wrong, an' it cud be easily seen that he was purchased, they simply remarked that th' audience showed great restraint in merely chokin' him; in less cultivated communities they niver made him look as though Napolyeon Bonypart had been workin' on it."

"Thin were th' days iv baseball. I'm an old vethren sports lover. I'll bet I've got more bags iv peanuts an' emptied an' threw more bottles iv pop than anny man at th' game yesterday. Why, me boy, I can remember whin Al Spalding pitched fr th' Rockfords. Will ye think iv that? I raynember whin Worcester an' Providence were in th' league, I raynember Will White playin' with spectacles on; I see Silver Flint get his first bad finger; I was atin' popcorn in th' grand stand whin Cap Anson was thried out at third base, an' I lived to see him called 'Pop,' an' thin 'Granpop,' an' fin'ly become

wan iv th' Elder Statesmen iv Chicago. I'm th' oldest livin' survivor iv th' game, an' wan iv th' things I like about it is it ain't lawn tennis, an' it ain't cut-outs fr'm th' Sundah Supplement, an' it ain't cricket."

"It's baseball, that's what it is. Ye bet ye. Did ye iver see a game iv cricket? They tell me it lasts three days, or until th' ten gives out. Ivry time there hys his th' ball he gets a cup iv tea. There was a man in England last year that had a score iv two hundred an' fifty basins iv bol-reas, an' was not declared out ayether be th' empire or th' doctor. Think iv th' whole baseball nine gone down to a tent after What's-his-name had soaked th' spit-bat out iv th' lot an' gatharin' around th' tea table. 'That was an excellent slap we gave, Mike.' 'Thank ye, Terry; will ye have a saucer of Young Hyson?' I will, with pleasure. Will ye take jam or marmalade? Oh, dear, I've made me fingers all sticky. Is that a speck iv dirt on me pants? Well, anyhow, I don't go to bat till next Thursday.' No, Sir; not for me."

"Baseball's all right, with a pitcher rollin' th' ball in th' mud an' thin on his pants, an' puttin' up his foot an' his hands to th' same altitude an' thyrin' to send th' ball so near th' batter's head that it'll scare him to death without hittin' him; an' th' batter havin' th' alternative iv hittin' th' ball with his club or lettin' it hit him on th' chin; his eye not bein' in, he chooses to be hit, an' falls down unconscious till th' empire says: 'Take ye'r base, an' thin gets up an' runs down to first at a pace that wud've sent Barney Wefer's hands above his head; an' th' catcher jumpin' around lookin' like a submarine monster; an' ivry man that goes down to second base leaps into th' lap iv th' shortstop with his spikes on; an' a fellow is behind third base thyrin' to rattle th' pitcher be tellin' him all about his father; an' th' catcher walks down

an' whispers something in th' pitcher's ear to steady him, an' comes back an' has a passed ball scored again him; an' th' man at th' bat catches th' next wan in th' eye, an' sends it into th' clubhouse; an' th' gintel crowd advises th' pitcher that his job is still open fr him on th' dumps because th' boss knew th' kind iv a pitcher he was; an' th' game is over, an' we've won, an' I get up me circulation be makin' th' pace fr a block or two fr a frind iv mine that wants to tell th' empire what he thinks iv him before he can get to his car."

"No, Sir, baseball ain't anny tea-an'-muffins game. It's a real sport. Why, Hogan tells me a man can play cricket till he's old enough to be President iv a savings bank. He can play it an' wear whiskers to his waist, an' he don't need to take off his stove-pipe hat unless he wants to. He can play it as long as he can hold a cup iv tea without spillin' it on his flannel pants. But think iv a man iv sixty thyrin' to play baseball with th' professionals. He might better ship fr an arctic expedition. Baseball, like war, is fr th' boys. Whin a man is twinty-five begin to call him 'old man Kelly,' whin he's thirty th' papers advise th' audience to be kind to him because he has seen better days; he's not, nacherally, as spry as a young or middle-aged man, but baseball must be played with th' head as well as th' legs; an' if he lives an' holds down a job till thirty-five, they note that his intellect is wabblin' th' same as his knees, an' rayspicifully suggest that he go off somewhere an' curl up an' die."

"It's a rough game," said Mr. Hennessy, "but it ain't as bad as it looks. An' it's good-natured, although ye wudn't think so."

"It's like life," said Mr. Dooley, "or, annyhow, like life in America."